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Maude

The Village Grammar School

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THE VILLAGE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, AND OTHER POEMS.

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THE

VILLAGE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By THOMAS MAUDE, Esq.
A.B. OXON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY;
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THE

VILLAGE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL,

AN EPISTLE;

ADDRESSED TO

HENRY ROXBY MAUDE, ESQ.,

IN NOVEMBER,

1823

PREFACE.

When in the following Epistle, I exhibit my mind recurring with delight to those earlier years of my boyhood, which were passed at *Ovingham*, a secluded village grammar school in the county of Northumberland, I wish it to be remembered, that I am speaking of a remote *village* school, where the restrictions are less distressing than they necessarily are in town-schools,—where all surrounding objects (of natural scenery) are more cheerful and delightfully exhilarating, and where, particularly to a young heart, the external incidents are more touchingly impressive—certainly more simple.

At Ovingham we lived in rustic simplicity among rustics, many of whom we were taught to respect, and whose language (not unlike the Lowland Scotch) became in a manner familiar to us. To this I attribute, not only the perfect facility with which I now read and understand the Northern Wizard's most Scottish and vernacular productions, but also the tone of mental feeling—(something

"like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,")—which enables me to appreciate the spirit of Scottish Romance, and which to my ear throws a charm over the language of Robert Burns.

But, after all, I do not so much contend, that even a school-life like my own at Ovingham is at the time delightful *per se*, as that the matured mind, after the lapse of years, looks back on that season with melancholy pleasure. It is unquestionably the season of innocent hope and acute sense of pure gratification; and none, I think, will here dissent from my opinion, excepting those—(no fair judges)—whose misfortune it has been to have been *unblessed* in their parents and preceptors.

Dec. 1823.

THE ARGUMENT.

Associations of Natural Scenery.—Retrospect.—Ovingham.—A Mother's Visit.—A Village Wedding.—The Pedlar Gossip.—Rural Sights.—The unexpected Holiday.—School-boy Sports.—Particular Reminiscences.—Ride Home with the Groom.—Observations on maturer Life.—Folly of indulging Enmities.—Eloisa.—Conclusion.

——" Dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

THE

VILLAGE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

Woodlands, Nov. 17th, 1823.

NOW, while the soft light of these shadowy skies,
Henry! o'erflows at once my heart and eyes,—
While Autumn's variegated leaves around,
Withered and hueless, strew the staining ground,—
Thoughts of departed years come back on me;
And can I muse on them, forgetting thee?

Where Prudhoe's ruined towers o'erlook the Tyne
My heart is wandering, filled with "auld lang syne."
It seems but yesterday since o'er those towers
We saw the April clouds dissolved in showers—

The Summer's gilding beams—or, far and near,
The autumnal yellow-tinted foliage sere;
When on the opposing banks we lived at school,
Happy beneath the kindest master's rule!

O Memory! mystical and undefined
Power of the heart, whose clew is in the mind!
Hath not a cloud sometimes—a leaf—the power
To stir thee, in reflection's tranquil hour?
Life unto me hath nothing strange or new—
Ah, my quick heart my boyhood's years outgrew!
So, when that heart with old affections burns,
To the enchanted morn of life it turns,
Muses o'er feelings fresher, purer still,
And sweetly paints remember'd scenes at will.

Dear OVINGHAM! whose every nook is known
Still to my heart—though many years are flown
Since, a mere child, among thy hamlets rude
Careless I roamed—and loved the solitude—

(For sure *'tis* solitude where never yet
Chilled the warm heart life's frigid etiquette !)
Now let thy peaceful memory warm a strain,
Which, warmed by thee, can ne'er be pour'd in vain !
—There thou, my brother, oft with me hast shared
The pleasures by maternal love prepared
For our young school-boy bosoms—when from home
To see her boys a mother loved to come ;—
And we for hours would walk conversing free,
All-lovingly, whate'er the theme might be,—
Wandering afar o'er flowery-scented fields,
Tasting the bliss that Love, not Nature, yields—
How blest ! mid joys that leave no sting of pain,
Till the sad hour—when we must part again !

Ye who would blush a mother's love to own !
Smile at a bard who boldly makes it known.
I write no false feign'd sentiments, to gain
Worthless applause from worldly-minded men.
This page is the pure mirror of a breast,
With childhood's memories feelingly imprest:

Throw it, then, by—or pass it o'er in haste—
Ye! in whose polish'd hearts it breeds distaste:
Perhaps your jeers at me are not so true
As is the *pity* which I feel for *you*.

But lo! what smiling groups!—In colours bright
They come, to celebrate the nuptial rite.
What happy faces!—Lasses gaily drest,
Ploughmen, in coarse apparel, yet their best,—
They come!—and see, in bridal vesture there,
A modest maiden, ruddy, yet how fair!
Downcast her eyes—a village beauty!—Oft
In the hay-season has she sung aloft
On the sweet-breathing stack, with fork in hand,
Darting the smiles which none can all withstand:—
And, when the day declined, how many wove
Chaplets of wild-flowers for their queen of love!
But one dear youth from all the rest she chose,
Even him, on whom herself she now bestows.
—Ah, happy pair! (whom equal love and truth
Unite in the delicious Spring of youth)—

Happier than some, more splendidly endow'd
With all that makes the feeble heart so proud,
Yet wanting that which only can inspire
The wedded breast with rapture's genuine fire,—
Some—the mere slaves of wealth, of lust, or power,
Who like the name, the person, or the dower,—
Who become fashionably groom and bride,
And call it *marriage* when the knot is tied!

Another scene loved Memory pictures now—
When round the gossip each, with thoughtful brow,
Would sit and listen, while, enthroned beside
The kitchen's cheerful hearth, in honest pride,
She'd tell the wonders of her vagrant life,
With changing scenes and strange adventures rife.
Poor Nanny! where art thou?—Though oft thine ey
Have glanced on me (who loved thy histories)
While I have turned thy pedlar-goods for sale,
Or hung entranced on every wond'rous tale,
(Which fostered in my bosom's depth, perchance,
The germs of poetry and young romance)

Yet, should I meet thee now, thou could'st not know
Him who admired and loved thy marvels so;
No, thou would'st pass—or, if required to trace,
Could'st recognise no feature in my face,—
For I'm all changed, ah! many years are past,
Since, O thou wandering one! thou saw'st me last.
—But I remember thee—thy sun-burnt cheek—
Thine eyes, through which the native fire would break—
Thy form—thy staff, whereof thou lovedst to tell,
How for long, long years it had served thee well!

In scenes secluded from all great events,
The mind is struck with simplest incidents.
The pedlar's cart, with all his wares of trade
On the green sward in shining pomp display'd—
The mountebank—the conj'ror, whose profound
Looks and sly tricks diffuse the marvel round—
The strolling troop, whose histrionic art
Wins vulgar praise, and strikes th' untutored heart—
The gypsey wanderers, who awhile remain
Encamped within the hawthorn-scented lane—

These all, with picturesque effect, combine
To charm the fancy—one at least like mine.

But hark ! that joyous shout ! Methinks I hear
The cry of gladness—yes, it fills my ear—
When from the prison school-room all rush out,
Wild with delight—a noisy, laughing rout !
A holiday !—The tasks were just begun,
Bright through the window shone the mocking sun,
When with the master's Sunday's coat his dame,
Bustling and smiling, to the school-room came,
And called him thence ! A gentle stranger's come,
To take his little prattling urchin home ;
And the young smiler, ere he rides away,
Begs his papa to ask a holiday
'Tis asked—'tis granted ! With reluctance feign'd
The double favour is in form obtain'd ;
But the good master chuckles while he grants,
Well-pleased to tend his orchard-trees and plants.
What gladdening tidings !—Oh, the joy within
Twenty young hearts, and ah ! the deafening din !

Quickly the Latin books are thrown aside,
The hats snatched up; and, like a flooding tide,
Out rush the merry hearts, o'erjoyed to be,
Thus early in the fragrant morning, free!
Away they scamper; they've a feeling now
Of liberty, enlightening every brow;
Away they scamper, full of sport, away—
With careless minds, intent on various play:
Huzza!—a long and sunny holiday!

Now, when the first wild transport of delight
Subsides, they congregate with faces bright,
Loud clamorous tongues, and speaking sparkling eyes,
And sports and games—how innocent!—devise.
Ah! how unlike the headlong passions strong,
Which hurry man's maturer heart along,—
Passions, in evil pleasures seeking vent,
Intenser—but how much less innocent!
—Alas! to *these*, ere few brief years be flown,
Will all their fiery tyranny be known!

But hence, O hence, anticipations vain;
Age! view their frolics—and be young again.

Some o'er the chalky flags the marble shoot;
Some buy sweet spice, or sweeter summer fruit;
Some the projected racing-match decide;
Some strut on stilts with ill-dissembled pride;
Some play the truant, wandering far and wide,
Exploring, fearful of each distant sound,
The simple wonders of the country round;
Some tend their little gardens; some (and thee
'Mongst these, my brother, Fancy still can see)
Some watch their nibbling rabbits feeding near,
Or hold the sparrow-hawk in pleasing fear;—
While Nature smiles around, and every boy
Feels in his bounding heart the pulse of joy!

"Eheu fugaces"—Horace sang of old—
And, Henry! while my artless rhymes unfold
Boyhood's dear pleasures, unforgotten still,
While all their charms revived thy bosom fill,

Doth not thy feeling heart at once incline
To sympathize with Horace' strain and mine?
—Yes, brother, *we* have tasted joys like these,
With undistracted minds and hearts at ease;
And half their memory's blessedness to me
Is that those early joys were shared with thee.
Ay, we have climbed the tree, the marble shot,
Run the swift race, explored the rural spot,
Gathered sweet wood-nuts from the hazel bough,
Dammed the bright-flowing burn (which flows on now)
Shot coral berries through the hollow reed,
Drawn the strong bow, impowered to wound indeed,—
Ay, we have mingled in each joyous play,
Each pastime loved, through many a holiday,—
Or talked of home—sweet home!—alone, apart—
Still, still together:—we were one in heart.

But, if those pleasures we can ne'er forget,
Oh there were others purer, dearer yet!
When, mid our tasks, when now the morn was new,
We heard that *John* was come—with ponies too,

And a delighting letter, winged with joys,
From a kind father to his absent boys!—
Then, with the smiling sympathizing groom,
(Whose very aspect breathed of happy home)
How we would trot all merrily along,
Our hearts and voices leaping into song;—
Anticipating, with a warmth of heart
Which few maturer raptures can impart,
The dear enjoyments of that home endeared,
Which hope's elysian Paradise appeared.

Since those long-fled, but ne'er forgotten, hours,
Kind Heaven hath strewn our path with varied flowers;
Yet—oh my brother!—we have felt since then
The breath of passions which belong to men.
Pleasure has lured us with her siren tongue;
Me hath ambition fired—at least in song:
And to young Love we've poured the heart in sighs,
And felt the glow of indignation rise.

Ay, indignation! Who can play a part
In life, nor feel it struggling in his heart?—
Who can see felon gamesters wear the smile
Of kindly intercourse, and rob the while,——
Who can see ninety of an hundred trained
Time-serving deacons *perjured* when ordained,——
Who can see fathers prostitute for gold
Their unresisting girls, in wedlock sold,
Bartering all bliss for loveless splendour's lot,—
Nor feel indignant?—I, for one, can *not!*
—Yet some there are, a brazen-visaged crew,
Who ne'er the glow of indignation knew;
Who have no choice 'twixt good and evil fame,
Who boast of folly, and are proud of shame.
With such the Muse no kindred impulse knows—
Foes to true feeling, to herself they're foes!—
To other hearts my verse would make appeal,
Ingenuous hearts alone, that warmly feel!

Something we've gained in bliss since boyhood's day—
But careless confidence is worn away.

Now we have learned mistrust; for who can see
His manhood's noon, and all confiding be?
We've witnessed (thanks to Heaven! we have not proved)
The faithlessness of hearts too dearly loved;
We've witnessed (*I* have felt) the bitter hate
Which in weak bosoms envy can create;
We've witnessed kind professions, kindly made,
To hearts, when credulous, at once betray'd;
We've witnessed fraud in bosoms seeming just;—
And thus, in the world's school, we've learned mistrust.

Ah! truth severe!—In this so transient scene,
Where, mid joy's sunshine, clouds still intervene,
Shall enmity's factitious load oppress
The fellow-pilgrims of the wilderness?
The chart of life is but a chequered span—
And the grave closes every path to man:
To Pleasure's victim, and to Glory's slave,
Yes, there's *one* goal—illumed by hope—the grave!
All reach it soon; but some achieve the race
While youth's bright dawn yet lightens o'er the face,

And hope is winged !—Woe's me ! the funeral cry
Strikes my sad heart, while sorrow palls mine eye !
Now wherefore should I tune my lyre ? for she,
Whose kinder ear had loved its melody,
Sleeps in the grave—the beautiful, the young—
Quenched the bright eye, and silenced the sweet tongue !
Oh Eloisa ! sainted spirit !—I see
Thy narrow bed, and weep, remembering thee !
Who would forbid the Muse to mourn thy doom,
While heart-wrung tears flow gushing o'er thy tomb ?
——When last I saw thee, dear departed one !
Youth's sparkling life in every feature shone ;
And o'er thy sylphic form and Grecian face
Beamed the mild lustre of attractive grace.
Then, in a pensive (yet not joyless) hour,
Thee once I likened to a token flower :—
I saw thee, fairest ! in the flush of youth,
And sang—('twas but a common-place of truth,
How cruelly true !)—" *thy life is of a day*"—
And thou art wither'd, like the rose, away !

Ah! thou wert good as lovely! But 'tis o'er—
Thy soul shall speak from beauteous dust no more:
Thy sweet form lieth beneath the unheeded sod,
Cold and corrupted—but thy soul's with God!
Henry! forgive—forgive the bursting tear,
Which, as I write, bedews an angel's bier!
Forgive the grief commingling with my strain—
Can the heart ever plead to speak in vain?

Go on thy way! May God himself look down,
And with his blessing all your labours crown!
And spare your life—long, very long—to prove
A spring of happiness to all you love!—
So, when few fleeting years have rolled away,
Thou may'st the prompting of thy heart obey;
So the "glad tidings of great joy" ere long
May stream in heavenly mercies from thy tongue!

For me—who hope forgiveness from above
For sins unnumbered against heavenly love—

Pitying alike the hearts that ne'er relent,
And him who sang—"the weak alone repent"—
I rather hold, against his erring song,
The weak alone are obstinate in wrong.
So let this final page speak peace to those
Whom *Satire* made, in earlier youth, my foes,—
Hearts, ne'ertheless, the most removed from hate,
Gentle, and generous, and affectionate!
Can these forgive the lay, repealed in shame,
Poured from a school-boy's breast for spurious fame?
Can these forget the mischief idly done?—
Yet—though it rankle *still*—I am foe to none!
No foul resentments lurk within my mind,
Hasty too oft—ne'er sullenly unkind.
And if my satire caused a tear to flow,
Oh! none can tell the sting of keener woe,
Whereby Remorse for one repented deed
Hath made my own o'ertortured bosom bleed!

NOTES

TO

"THE VILLAGE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL."

Line 1.

Now, while the soft light, &c.

The weather, at the time of my affixing the date to this Epistle, and for about a week previous, was remarkably, indeed unseasonably, fine and brilliant

Line 7.

Where Prudhoe's ruined towers o'erlook the Tyne.

Prudhoe is a beautiful ruin,—disfigured, however, (as is too commonly the case,) by incongruous farm-buildings erected within its walls. It was an ancient seat of the Percy family.

Line 17.

—— *a mere child* ——

When the author was removed from the school at Ovingham, after a residence of nearly five years, he was only twelve years of age.

Line 14.

Happy beneath the kindest master's rule.

The gentleman alluded to is the Rev. James Birkett, who has for many years kept an excellent initiatory grammar-school at Ovingham, and has had under his tuition two generations of the principal gentry of the county of Northumberland. Mr. Birkett is now in his seventy-fifth year.

Line 53.

Poor Nanny ! &c.

This woman was generally known by the name of *Nanny the Pe'th'er.*

Line 269.

—— *one repented deed* ——

The " Lines written under the impression of severe self-reproach" in the author's " Legend, *&c.*" p. 105, relate to this circumstance.

POEMS.

TO A LADY,

SINGULARLY REMARKABLE FOR THE UNION OF GREAT PERSONAL BEAUTY AND SUPERIOR MENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

'Tis not to breathe the sighs of rash desire
That now I wake the murmurs of my shell;
Tis not to hymn the eye of softened fire
That now I strike its chords—(wilt *thou* say well?)
No—'tis the charm of mind, around thee throwing
Its magic brilliance as thou mov'st along,
Transcending e'en thy beauties purely glowing,
That kindles every feeling into song.
With thee to hold sweet converse, O how sweet!
Whether where Music wakes the sprightly dance,
Or in the flowering arbour's fragrant seat,
Or where the pearly shells of Ocean glance.

To see those eyes enkindled as you speak,
  Sparkling or shadowed, as the theme inspires,—
To mark the eloquently-glowing cheek,
  While fervent feeling all the angel fires,—
Oh, 'tis such bliss!—Dear lady! think—to me,
  Who deeply worship mind's ennobling flame,
  Yet vanquished bow to Beauty's single claim—
Think—how o'erpowering must th' enchantress be
Who triumphs o'er the heart of man like thee—
  A *Venus* and a *Pallas*—matchless dame!

"NO MORE!"

I.

No more!—it is a spell of woe,
Touching the heart's afflicted core,
Withering each bud of joy below—
How oft, alas, we sigh, "No more!"

II.

When Scotland's Mary sailed from France,
Her sweet eyes lingered on the shore!
And their last far, fond, cneated glance,
Was quenched in tears—that wept "No more!"

III.

When to the sad Ephesians Paul
Bade farewell on the Asian shore,
What waked their sorrow *most of all?*
'That they should see his face NO MORE!'

IV.

And so shall every earthly love
Sink blighted ere its life be o'er;
But oh! there is a world above
Where they who meet shall *part no more!*

TO H—— G——, Esq.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LOVELY WIFE, THE AUTHOR'S FIRST-COUSIN.

Weep not for her!—for could thy tears
Recal the glorious spirit flown—
To add some few short fleeting years
Of bliss to those you both have known—
Oh, *would'st* thou bring the angel down
From that high world of light above,
Where now she wears the unfading crown,
And triumphs in the Saviour's love?
Yet weep o'er those, (if weep thou must,)
The motherless sweet babes, bereft
So soon of her—whose sacred dust
And memory now alone are left!

No more shall that beloved hand
Gently their infant footsteps guide—
But, father! still thy grief command!
The Lord—the Lord will yet provide!
Oh, check thy tears!—for He who gave
Hath taken to himself away!
And brightly springs o'er MARY's grave
The rainbow of Eternal Day!

2d February, 1824.

FAME.

A FRAGMENT,

(WRITTEN IN 1820.)

I.

Glorious as Phœbus, o'er the wide sea first
Pouring his morning beams, celestial bright,
Is the quick hope of the young bosom, nurst
Within the bowers of knowledge and of light,—
Where, bursting brilliant from the gloom of night,
The sun of mind expands the opening soul
Just as the natural orb, that glads the sight,
Opens the buds of plants, and o'er the whole
Of God's fair world maintains a mystery of control.

II.

Full sweet it is to watch the kindling eye,
The burning cheek, the quivering lip of youth,
When Genius pointeth to the summit high
Where FAME sits glorious, and recording Truth
Enrolls the deathless names!—for *names*, in sooth,
Survive the beings that made them first renown'd,
And shine resplendent, when Time's cankering tooth—
Nay, the slow worm's—hath eaten beneath the ground
The eye that beamed with light, the brow with laurel crowned!

III.

Bards, warriors, statesmen—Glory!—bow the knee
To thy divinity, and ask a name;
And some, in their mistaken love of thee,
Have worshipped Infamy, and called her Fame:
Such was Erostratus, who gave to flame
Diana's shrine stupendous; such wast thou,
Cromwell! consummate juggler! England's shame!
To whom thy slaves, *false* Freedom! deigned to bow,
Circling with thy torn wreath a rebel tyrant's brow.

IV.

Oh, too exalted, vainly-worshipped Fame!
How dost thou trample on the insect man!
He reads, he writes, he battles for a name—
And yet his own existence is a span.
The world moves onward as it first began,
Thirsting for thee. As Cæsar in old time,
Of late Napoleon at thy bidding ran,
Clearing his path to Glory's heights by crime,
And dreading nought save what might make him less sublime!

V.

Was not Meonides in love with thee?
Didst thou not, with his country, share the heart
Of him who perished in Thermopylæ?
Did not thy trumpet's fore-heard voice impart
Joy to the stoic Cato, whom no art
Of guileful Tyranny could lure aside?
Did not the Mantuan offer at thy mart
His never-dying children, and confide
To thee those breathing words which were his country's pride?

VI.

When—as the sun's last rays were falling sweet
On earth, air, water—I beheld the spot
Where Shakspeare rose—where Shakspeare's boyish feet
Oft wandered careless—how, regarding not
Nature for her own beauty, I forgot
All, all around—save Shakspeare! Shakspeare's muse
Hallowed each willow and sequestered grot,
And thee, poetic Avon! while the dews
Of sombre Evening fell on church and church-yard yews.

VII.

For thou art there—about that blessed place—
Eternal Fame! and loud above his tomb
Thy trumpet's echo liveth: light and grace
Are shed by thee o'er that sepulchral gloom:
By thee are tinged the flowerets wild that bloom
O'er the green banks which Avon loves to kiss;
Thine is the halo!—and the earth's perfume,
But from thy magic influences, is
As 't were to Skakspeare's name the scent of sacrifice!

* * * * * * *

STREAMS AND HEARTS.

I.

Mark yonder swift and brawling stream,
That garrulously flows along—
Which, bright and sparkling though it seem,
Behold! is neither deep nor strong:—
Emblem of shallow hearts—whose joys
Evaporate in empty noise!

II.

Mark the deep current gliding on
In ceaseless, yet unmurmuring, flow;
The watchful eye can see it run,
But noiseless still the waters go:—
Fit emblem this of hearts that feel
Deeply—yet half their depths conceal!

BAGATELLE.

ON A FLOWER AND BUTTERFLY.

'Tis said the bee and certain flowers
Full nearly are related;
And these he 'll kiss through sunbright hours,
With all their sweets unsated.

If this be true, I don't see why
My word should be suspected,
When, judging by the puzzled eye,
I say this flower and butterfly
Are closely, too, connected:—
For look—the *flying flower* of air,
Doth it not seem just blossomed there?

THE PARTING HOUR.

I.

It is the hour—and we must part—
But do not weep!
In mercy to this breaking heart,
Thy firmness keep.

II.

Now must I kiss a long adieu
On that dear face:—
Lift yet again those lips of dew,
Those eyes of grace.

III.

Oh, lift again!—Though sweet it be
To feel thy head recline
On this true heart, which beats for thee,
Which is all thine,

IV.

I fain, in this bleak hour of woe,
Would look on thy pale cheek,
And kiss thy drooping lids of snow,
And hear thee speak!

V.

Oh, give those dear, dear lips to mine!—
Alas, they tell
The passion of a love like thine
Too sweetly well!

TO —— ——.

I.

Call me not sad—'t is but the shade
Of innate feelings clouds my brow;
We were not thus for laughter made,
Or I could be as gay as thou.

II.

It is not as yon cloud above,
That soon may be dissolved in rain;—
Yet banished by the gloom, my love!
That gives thy partial bosom pain.

SONG.

I.

Gazing on thy sweet eyes, my dear!
Oh, how should sorrow cloud my own?
In thy all-heavenly smile each tear
Dries—like the dew-drop in the sun.

II.

With thy soft hand thus clasped in mine,
How could my pulses calmly move?
Could e'en a wearied heart repine,
Thus solaced by the sweets of love?

III.

No!—though e'en cherish'd friends depart,
Though trusted bosoms faithless be,
There 's joy within my wounded heart,
To feel that I 'm beloved by thee!

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, ON THE BLANK PAGE OPPOSITE A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF A BUTTERFLY.

I.

Ah! straight compressed each radiant wing
Within these leaves, poor silken thing!
Thou liest outstretch'd for show:
No more shalt thou thy glad, gay flight
Urge through the scented fields of light,
Where summer roses blow!

II.

And did Eliza (oh, not *she!*)
Molest thy sunny liberty,
And close thy little day?
And could she resolution find
In her humanely gentle mind
To take thy life away?

III.

I ne'er can think—but only look !
How sadly squeezing is this book—
How flat the soft wings lie !
Surely my eye is not deceived ?
The microscope must be believed—
It *is* a butterfly !

Feb. 1824.

A COMPLIMENT.

Thine eyes of blue, so dewy and so bright,
Are as th' unruffled crystal lake of light,
Where, when no clouds obscure or dim its hue,
The face of heaven reflects its native blue.

EPISTLE TO PSYCHE,

(WRITTEN 29th DECEMBER, 1820.)

The night is chill; and, rolling high,
Dark clouds obscure the wintry sky;
The fleecy snow falls thick and fast,
And mournful sings the crannying blast;
It is a sad and dreary night—
God guide the pilgrim's steps aright!

I know not why—but Memory's power
Is most prevailing at this hour;
And brightening visions of the past
Before my dreaming eyes are cast.
Alas, I dream of early days!
And my heart wanders through the maze

Of boyish years—with feelings rife,
Events, that colour after life.
And now the beam of mind is thrown
On one dear spot—no more my own—
Endeared by every social tie,
Friendship—and Love that cannot die.
Its groves and lawns are verdant still—
And busy Mind revives at will
The freshness of each flower and tree,
Alas, that bloom no more for me!—
There was an angel in that spot,
Or trees and flowers, remembered not,
Had perished from my mind ere this,
Ingulf'd with other memories.
I then was young—a simple child—
Yet, oh! on me the angel smiled—
Smiled—it may be as children do,
Yet still her infant smiles seem new,
Still haunt my heart!—for now that child,
Who, child like, on her playmate smiled,

Is sprung to womanhood; and oh!
Her eyes of light and breasts of snow,
Diviner made by Memory's beam,
And woven in a youthful dream,
Are to my mind's eye—as the forms
Which Fancy generates and warms,
For whom was broken many a lance
In days of chivalric romance!

Oh, lady! angel of that spot,
Which my poor heart forgetteth not,
Forgetteth not through length of years—
Seen dimly through the mist of tears—
To thee, whose infant smiles and graces
Warm o'er my heart fond Memory traces,
To thee—so cherished, though unknown,
That I could dream thee still my own,
Is poured (oh listen, child of day!)
This "unpremeditated lay."
Hear me—the Muse her voice hath lent—
Her dictates all are innocent:

She but recals thy virgin thought
To joys with moral sweetness fraught—
A childish friendship—which can bring
No baleful air on Memory's wing.

Full many moons have rolled away,
(And yet it seems but yesterday!)
Since, hand in hand—(ah! was it mine
To clasp that soft sweet hand of thine?)—
With spirits light we roamed apart,
All careless in our joy of heart!

Time was, when (each a sportive thing)
We rocked each other in the swing—
With laughing eyes, as Teniers drew,
And merry laughing voices too.
No maiden shame or fear was thine,
No soft solicitude was mine;
But childish feelings then were ours,
And childish sports beguiled the hours.

Years passed away; and now no more
We met as we had met before;
Years passed away, and we were changed—
Disparted—but not quite estranged.
Those brilliant eyes, that once were free
To shed their blessed light on me,
In sweet timidity were bent
(Angelically innocent)
On the dull earth, when, loveliest maid!—
In the world's throng I first survey'd,
Until my eyes were drunk with joy,
The form that blessed me when a boy—
Thy ripened beauties budding forth
In the chill region of the north!

Flower of the North! to thee from far—
To thee, as to a guiding star—
In pleasure's vortex, and no less
In very midnight loneliness,

Full oft I turn—and muse and mourn
O'er kindred hearts asunder torn.
I mourn—but let my mourning be
Shut in my bosom—shut from thee!
Yet, oh! I've seen the big tear start,
And give relief to thy full heart,
When the sad hour of parting came,
And our tears mingled!—(Who would blame?)
And can it be thou shouldst forget
Entirely him who loves thee yet?
Fain would I hope the doubt unjust,
But—good or evil—doubt I must.
The world, alas! hath too much art,
And too great influence on the heart;
And Time and Absence oft freeze o'er
Affection's tide, though quick before.

Farewell, farewell!—The word hath pain,
Yet the heart speaks it o'er again,

(E'en when all sound the lips hath pass'd)
And fondly hangs upon the last.
Farewell, farewell! May peace and health
(Those boons superior far to wealth)
Be ever thine! May beauty ne'er
To thee, as many, prove a snare!
May all thy heart's best wishes meet
Fulfilment—as thy heart is sweet!
May Grace, like dew, from Heaven descend,
And all its holy influence lend,
Lighting thy path!—and God above
Shower on thee everlasting love!

TO THE SAME.

I.

We met—Oh, still thou art
The darling girl thou wast:
Thy true and gentle heart
Is faithful to the past.

II.

Moulded in beauty's form
Of soul-enchanting grace—
How could I doubt thee warm
In heart as sweet in face?

III.

Oh! with what joy I heard
Thy pure lips counting o'er,
With many a kind sweet word,
The joys we knew before!

IV.

And when thou wouldst recal
Full many an early scene,
What bliss, (forgetting all
The clouds that intervene,)

V.

To look into thine eyes,
My first poetic page,
Bright with old memories
That still the heart engage!

VI.

E'en now, as those dear smiles
My kindled soul entrance,
The light, which *not* beguiles,
Out-dazzles all romance!

TO MEN OF THE SOUTH.

I KNOW that you have brighter skies,
And softer airs, and sweeter flowers—
I know that you have darker eyes
In orange groves and jasmine bowers,
And fruits of richer hue—than ours:
Yet all their charms are little worth,
Match'd with the *Nature* of the North!

For me!—I love the clouds—the winds—
The wild flowers—the pure eyes of light—
The lasses "wi' the locks lint-white"—
The warm hearts and emphatic minds,
That grace the clime—from which my heart
Errs not, howe'er my steps depart!

Oh, yes! my filial spirit clings
Warmly to that more chilling clime,
Where the cerulean harebell springs,
And the glad eagle spreads his wings,
And rides upon the storm sublime!

March, 1824.

ODE

TO YOUNG NAPOLEON.

Scion of a maternal line
That boasts imperial rights divine—
  Napoleon, health to thee!
Son of a sire as great, as base,
As e'er o'erawed the human race,
  Or made the world less free!
Let one, of that distinguished Isle
Where Liberty's unclouded smile
  Illumines every heart,
Presume to speak to thee of him
Who gratified ambition's whim,
  And chose the baser part,—
When Heaven within his grasp had placed
The noblest wreaths that ever graced

A conqueror's brows on tomb,—
And Loyalty and Freedom turned
Their eyes to his—which only burned
With lightnings to consume!

Oh had thy sire—when conquest shed
A glory o'er the Consul's head,
When bright from Egypt's war he came,
Conspicuous with a patriot's fame—
Oh, had he then reformed abuse,
Taught power her limits and her use,
Restored a *less despotic* throne
To the true kings from whom 't was wrung,
Not traitorously reared his own—
What loyal bards his fame had sung!
Or if—to the Republic true—
He had lived, fought, and died uncrown'd,
What laurel chaplets, brightly new,
His brows immortally had bound!

But *he!*—he trampled down men's rights,
The victor of an hundred fights,

He was too much elate!
Puffed up, and desperately blind,
He scorned the feelings of mankind,
The men—who made him great!
So the vast prize, which sadly cost
Unnumbered lives, was won and lost,
In a brief bold career,
Run in a dazzling blaze of crime,
Which brands NAPOLEON through all time
A tyrant name of fear!

Forgive, brave boy!—forgive the lay
Which would thy sire's mistake portray,
And warn thee from the rock,
The rock, set in the rolling seas,
Where tyrannous ambition's breeze
Drives headlong to the shock!

Oh! mid the splendours of that court
Where now thy military port

Sweet soothing praise inspires,
Should any whisperers wish t' impart
Combustion to thy fever'd heart,
To blow ambition's fires—
Heed not their counsels, noble boy!
Let no false flatteries destroy
Thy peace, thy more than life;
Let them not tempt thee out to be
A scourge to freedom and the free,
Heir to thy father's strife!

No!—though e'en ever-restless Gaul
(Unmindful of her shameful fall,
Unhumbled yet) should e'er
Thy ex-imperial name invoke,
And court from thee the grinding yoke—
Do thou her folly spare:
Be greater than thy sire!—contemn
Rebellion's proffered diadem!

27th January.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 38.

No—'tis the charm of mind, &c.

The present writer would be the last man in the world to say with Pope,

" Beauties, *in vain* your pretty eyes you roll *."

Yet he despises even more that paltriness of feeling which leads some men to exclaim against the cultivation of the female intellect. He who wishes to degrade woman into " a soulless toy for tyrant's lust," is altogether unworthy of the sex, and can never love woman as she ought to be loved. In making these observations, I am very far from arguing in favour of the " Blue Stockings" generally. I have no particular penchant for a *learned* lady; but I certainly think and maintain, that female charms are considerably heightened by a judicious refinement and culture of the wit, the understanding, and the imagination.

Whenever I read the letters of " the charming Mary Montague," I feel half in love with the writer. Surely her per-

* I would rather say—

Oh, *not* in vain your pretty eyes you roll;
Charms strike at once the senses and the soul.

sonal attractions were enhanced by the brilliancy of her wit. But a woman's wit and talent must be *feminine* in quality and in exercise. She who aims at masculine attainments, and makes pretensions to masculine learning and judgment, becomes an indifferent man, and is good for nothing as a woman.

Frenchmen are not, perhaps, such good judges of female character as we are; yet the following observations of M. de Ségur, on woman's literary character, seem just.

" Je crois avoir déjà dit (says he) que leur génie n'était créateur que dans les nuances. Leur esprit plus fin que profond analyse; définit avec plus de grace que de justesse, avec plus de charme que de logique. On n'a point vu de femme concevoir un beau plan de tragédie ; mais si l'art de Corneille, de Racine, et de Voltaire, demande une force dont les femmes sont peut-être incapables, jamais, dans le style épistolaire, aucun auteur ancien ou moderne n'atteignit et n'atteindra le style enchanteur de Mme. de Sévigné. Certaine classe de Romans semblent aussi leur appartenir. Sans doute Florian dans sa Galatée a un mérite rare qui lui est propre ; mais ce n'est pas là le style de Mme. Riccoboni ; ce n'est pas là ce charme particulier, cette grace de naturel que l'esprit le plus brillant ne peut obtenir ; au point que si l'on eût demandé des leçons de son art a cette femme aimable, probablement elle n'aurait pu en donner. On peut dire qu'elle même n'était pas dans le secret de son style.

" Ainsi donc, en littérature même, les attributions de chaque scène sont marquées par la nature. Toutes les fortes idées sont refusées aux femmes ; elles pensent, et rarement peuvent mediter ; elles perfectionnent, elles saisissent plus vivement que nous tous les rapports superficiels,

qu'elles présentent avec une grace qui leur appartient. Comme en amour elles sentent mieux que nous, elles en parlent avec plus de finesse."—*Les Femmes*, tome second.

Page 35.

When Scotland's Mary, &c.

The following is the original French of Mary's farewell to France.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourie ma jeune enfance!
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint mes amours
N'a cy de moi que la moitié;
Une parte te reste: elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

Page 40.

Such was Erostratus, who gave to flame
Diana's shrine stupendous.

This man's name is spelt variously—Erostratus, Herostratus, Eratostratus.

The following account of his exploit is given in *Rollin's Ancient History*, vol. iv.

" Alexander (the Great) came into the world the first year of the 106th Olympiad. (A. M. 3648.)

" The very day he came into the world, the celebrated temple of Diana in Ephesus was burned. The reader knows, without doubt, that it was one of the seven wonders of the world. It had been built in the name and at the expense of all Asia Minor. A great number of years were employed in building it. Its length was four hundred and twenty-five feet, and its breadth two hundred and twenty. It was supported by an hundred and twenty-seven columns, threescore feet high, which so many kings had caused to be wrought at a great expense, and by the most excellent artists, who endeavoured to excel one another on this occasion. The rest of the temple was equal to the columns in magnificence.

" Hegesias of Magnesia, according to Plutarch, says, ' That it was no wonder the temple was burned, because Diana was that day employed at the delivery of Olympias, to facilitate the birth of Alexander.' A reflection, says our author, so very cold, that it might have extinguished the fire. Cicero, who ascribes this saying to Timœus, declares it a very smart one, at which I am very much surprised. Possibly the fondness he had for jokes made him not very delicate in things of this kind.

" One Herostratus had fired that temple on purpose. Being put to the torture, in order to force him to confess his motive for committing so infamous an action, he confessed that it was the view of making himself known to posterity, and to immortalize his name, by destroying so noble a structure. The states-general of Asia imagined they should prevent the success of his view, by publishing a decree to prohibit the mention of his name. However, their prohibition only excited a greater curiosity; for scarce one of the historians of that age has omitted to mention so monstrous an

extravagance, and at the same time have told us the name of the criminal."—(Book XV. Section 1.)

Page 44.

——— *the flying flower of air.*

This beautifully metaphorical expression has been frequently adopted, especially by Orientalists. It is so obvious to a poetical mind, that many writers may have fancied it originally their own. In fact, I myself, when I penned the foregoing line, was not immediately aware that I had seen it before.

Mr. Moore, in his *Light of the Harem*, speaks of maids

——— "before whose sleepy eyes,
"In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
"Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
"That they might fancy the rich flowers,
"That round them in the sun lay sighing,
"Had been by magic all set flying."

And to the words "rainbow butterflies," he appends this note,—"These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower gardens."—*Dunn.*

Page 50.

The microscope must be believ'd.

Possibly the reader may consider this a complimentary exaggeration; but it is not so. The butterfly in question

is painted on rice paper, and is so finely done, that the application of a microscope only renders the illusion greater.

Page 61.

The lasses ' wi' the locks lint-white.'

I scarcely need refer the reader to Burns for " the lint" white locks." The chorus to one of his beautiful songs begins " Lassie wi' the lint-white locks."

The above line has a manifest reference to Scotland: when, however, I usethe expression, "*filial* spirit," a few lines below, it must not be understood in relation to Scotland, but to the North generally.

THE END.

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